A Neweyeres gift to the Rebellious persons in the North partes of England.

Primo Ianuar.
1570.

¶ Seene and alowed, accordyng to the order appoynted.

A newyeres gyft to the Rebellious perſons in the Nozth.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

The happy wyght, who happy ſtyll
Would lyue in happy ſtate,
Ought take aduiſe, & teach his wyl
By fall of others fate.
For he by ryght may happy hyght,
Who happy can eſchewe
By others payne the care that would
Through want of care enſue.
And none ſo dead I deme, but demes
That caytyffe curſed thryſe,
Whom no erperience can perſwade
Nor reaſon to be wyſe.
Synce only cauſe of quiet caſe
Dependeth on the care,
Which doth forecaſt the much miſhappes,
The diuers fonde miſfare
And yll ſucceſſe that doth purſue
Thunwyſe conceate of thoſe

Who rashly bent, distemper peace,
And quyet state depose.
Unhappy men, for so by ryght
You do deserue your name,
What hath prouokte your wilfull hearties
To worke your proper shame?
What hath compeld you to disdayne
The long preserued peace
Your natyue countrey hath inioyde?
What makes your seruice ceasse
Unto your Prince, and to resigne
The same to Princes foe?
What moues your stomackes to procure
Your Natiue soyle such woe?
The succesſe of Rebels.
You wote your selues the yll succesſe
That rebelles styll obtayne,
You know the proofe was alwayes founde
To worke their proper payne.
Whereby experience doth informe
The perylles of your case,
And warnes you, not to trackt the steps
Of former traytors trace.
And why accursed, be not you
By their deserued spoyle
Aduysde to leaue your rashe deuise
And shunne your shamefull foyle?

You

You further knowe that no attempt
Can prosperously proceede
Except that reason beare the sway
And do conduct the deede.
And you deuoyde of reason haue
Assaulted such a fact,
As reason scornes to be compryse
In such a senseleſſe act.
Wherby you playnely prooue your selues
Vnhappy cursed wyghtes,
And thralled slaues to shameleſſe wyll
And clokt before your syghtes:
Because you neither wyl be warnde
By others perylles past,
Nor yet by present reason taught
Nor nature made a gast.
I muse no leſſe what matter shoulde
Compell you to conspire,
Then I do maruell what conceate
Dyd flatter your desire.
A gratious Lady is your Queene,
A Princes louyng ryght,
In mynde as meke as pitifull,
And neuer wrought you spyght.
You knowe your selues in wordes discrete,
And in her deedes so iust,

The conclusion prouyng their folly.

Obiections.

That

That voyde of eche ſuſpitious thought
She mynded leaſt miſtruſt.
In quiet ſtate you alſo lyude
And wrong hath nere ſuppreſt,
Your wyſhed wealth, in careleſſe eaſe
You myght haue toke your reſt.
And what hath moude your grateles hearts
Such recompence to make,
As for her mercies, her diſpoyle
And wracke to vndertake?
Oh feendes vnnaturaller farre
Then Polyphemos was,
Whoſe teeth deuourde the tender fleſhe
Of men, you Tygers paſſe.

A iuſt exclamatiō

It had ben good you curſed impes
That death had ben your hyre
In mothers wombes, or that your byrthes
Had ben in broylyng fyre:
Then ſhould your pryde not haue preſumde
Upon ſo lofty pray
For you haue purchaſt to your ſelues
Your further worſe decay.
Oh ſenſeleſſe, thynke what hye abuſe
Hath blynded your conceate,
And ponder well the whoſe diſcourſe
Of your pretended feate.

The cauſe therof.

A perſwaſion to reſpect

And

And you ſhall then perceaue and ſee
No doubt yf you ſurmiſe
What euyll quarrell hath prouokt
Your doynges to deſpyſe.
The common wealth of natyue lande
In diſobedience ſhowne
Unto your ſoueraigne Princes grace
Your duties not yknowne.
And thynke that yf it ambition is
That hath deceaude your wyttes,
How you are moylde in Plutoes lake
Amongſt a thouſande fyttes.
Nowe thorowe vayne rebellious hope
To eleuated pryde
Arayſde, and ſtrayght through pondred feare
Your cauſe of hope denyde:
And then with ſpurre of conſcience pryckt
And with diſquiete mynde
Agayne diſtempered and ytoſt
In ſundry paſſions kynde:
Suppoſyng nowe of hautie wealth,
And thynkyng then of ſhame,
Nowe luſty lyfe, nowe purchaſt death,
Then fedde in hope of fame:
And ſomtyme moude through blynd conceat
In corrage to preuayle,

The diſobediens to the Prince, is a diſdaine of the common wealth.

A diſſwaſion from ambition in diſcrybyng the paſsions therof.

When

When as agayne the same perceaude
You feare, you faynt, and fayle.
And then your thoughtes consyderyng of
Your trauell and your payne,
Comparyng both in your attempt
Your domage, and your gayne:
You lothe to thynke what yrksome toyle,
What turmoyle, carke, and care
Doth burden you, and what disease
You dayly must forbare.
And then you see, or at the least
May see what vayne accountes
You make, ambitiously to gape
For gayne, when there amountes
Unto your paye the losse of goodes
And hazarde of your lyfe,
And great effusion of your blooddes,
The only fruites of stryfe.
Oh blynded then, and may you knowe
Your quarrels to be yll:
And may you see the deuyllyshe proofe
Of your ambitious wyll:
And may you vnderstande the shame
Of your rebellious deedes:
And may you viewe the great offence
That from the same proceedes:

The frutes of rebellion.

A dissuasion by exclamation against their wilfulnes

And

And may you lyue in quiet ſtate,
In fauour of your God,
And grace of Queene and countreymen,
And yet wyll coyne a rod,
Wherwith to ſcurge and whip your ſelues:
Oh foolyſhe, much to blame,
Who may in wealth deſerue renowme,
And yet incurre defame.
You knowe full well, that many by
Ambition haue decayde,
Who myght in hautie plyght haue lyued
And rich eſtate haue ſtayde.
As eke you can not but confeſſe
Your ſelues at wyſhed eaſe
To ſpende your dayes yf you haſt lyſt:
And coulde not this appeaſe
Your lofty ſtomackes to haue thought
Upon the ſhamefull fall
And ruynous diſpoyle of ſuch
Ambitious wicked all
(As haue through their preſumptuous pryde
Poſſeſſed woꝛſe degree)
But that you lykewiſe wyll preſume
Lyke wicked impes to be:
Oh ponder of the bayne abuſe,
Conſyder of the caſe,

Perſwaſion by preſidentes.

And see howe such your rashe pretence
Nought tendes but to deface
Your selues, and waying you shall deme
No lesse then I suppose,
That to your selues, your selues remayne
N lesse then deadly foes.
And whylst your pryde prouides to mount
A loft vnto the skyes,
Your persons shalbe forst to couche
Whereas the lowest lyes.
Can not you wysely beare in mynde
That ryche is the content:
And why shoulde not sufficiaunce serue
Your hungers to preuent:
The golden meane is free from thrall,
Because that no excesse
Nor needy want may once extende
His measure to oppresse.
And who that hyest sekes to clyme,
Attaynes the greatest fall:
The greedy lykewyse who doth snatche,
Full eftsoones leeseth all.
Let thertore measure rule your myndes,
And yf ambition moue
Your hungry heartes to greedy thoughtes,
Restrayne your wylles to proue:

Perswasion by presumption.

A confutation to ambition

And

And feede not fanſie with the bayte
Of fables, rather feare
Leſt that the burden be more bygge
Then you can byde to beare.
Thus thynke on this, and yf the ſame
Hath cauſde you to rebell,
You ſhall perceaue howe blynde conceate
Your reaſon doth expell.
Of which preſumption cheefly doth
You traytorouſly detect
Eſteemyng ſuch your greedy pryde
Of your abuſe theffect:
Becauſe that no occaſion hath
Geuen cauſe whereby you ſhoulde
Againſt your ſoueraigne prince preſume
To beare your ſelues ſo bolde:
Or ſeke reuenge on natyue ſoyle
As though as ſuch offence
Your countrey had committed late
As you by your pretence
Woulde nowe correct, Oh traytors you
Amende your ſelues in tyme,
And rather ſeke for to auoyde
The horror of your cryme,
Then for to cauell with the clauſe
That doth condemne by ryght

Ambitiō the lykeliest to be the cauſe of their rebellion

The reaſon therof.

Your

An accusation of their excuse.

Your selues for traytors to your Queene
And countrey, as you hyght:
You say for order good you seke
To haue at setled stay
The common wealth, that wyse aduise
May only beare the sway.
And yet your owne indeuours all,
Do interrupt the peace,
The very meanes and redy wayes
Misorder to increase.
And chiefly you disordred do
Disquiete orders square,
Which is mayntayned by the peace
That voydes vnquiet care.
Do tyrauntes teache their peoples heartes
To folowe pities trade?
Or is it seene that wyttie lawes
Of foolyshe men be made?
Or can a drunkarde grauely yeelde
An aunswere to the wyse?
Or may a foole in wayghtie thynges
Declare a good deuyse?
As they, euen so lyke power haue you
Good order for to plant
In common wealth: when as your wyttes
And workes all order want.

You

You also earnestly pretende
As with religious face
To roote out scismes, and error voyde,
And set the trueth in place.
Yet venimous deceauers, least
You mynde the same intent:
But make religion for a cloke
To couer that is ment.
And vnder subtyll clause contayne
A venimous deuyse,
As eche may see who marketh howe
Your cauels do aryse.
For though you stoode in mayntenaunce
Of trueth, as you not so,
But in such false opinion erre,
As is to trueth a foe:
Yet ought you not agaynst your prince
A weapon for to beare,
Synce that the perfect loue of God
Consysteth in the feare
Of hym, and in the duetie done
Vnto the rulyng throne
Of earthly magistrates, whereto
The scriptures bynde eche one.
But you rebellious voyde of grace,
As not in your defence

Through

Through any cause compellyng you
Deuise a vayne pretence:
But make a quarrell, and arise
Agaynst your Princes myght,
Whose state you seeme for to disdayne,
And dealynges to dispyght.
Oh blynded you, and do you deme
That of a godly sonne,
Who sees his father do amys,
It were a thyng well done
That he his father shoulde correct
Or punyshe? no you knowe,
Much lesse likewise shoulde you presume
Lyke rygour for to showe
Agaynst your Princesse, who would guyde
Your footesteppes to the lyght:
But wylfull subiectes you despyse
The day, and loue the nyght.
And further, though the wicked syer
Shoulde seeme for to prouoke
His well disposed sonne to yll
Through force of stryppe or stroke:
Thynke you the chylde in his defence
May offer stryppe agayne?
No, no, his bounden duetie is
For to forbeare the payne.

And

And in lyke caſe the ſubiectes ought
Their ſoueraigne to obay,
As to forbeare, and not reuenge,
Though in their power they may.
For as the chylde by nature is
Vnto the father bounde,
And as it is the fathers ryght
Of ſonne to be renowmde:
So lykewyſe are the ſubiectes thrall
Vnto their Princes wyll,
By perfect duetie to obay,
Forbeare, and honor ſtyll.
And therfore howe much you to blame
As traytors to rebell
Againſt your Princes (who neuer ſought
Your conſcience to compell:
Except you troublouſly diſcryde
the ſame) you may perceaue,
As alſo ſee what blynde abuſe
Your ſenſes doth deceaue:
When hauyng ſuch a Patrone meke,
who iuſtly doth conduct,
And mercyfully trache the ryght,
And wyſely trueth inſtruct:
You wyll not (as your duetie doth
compell you) once attende:

But

But traytorously with weapons seke
Your fondnes to defende.
Oh wytlesse blynde how dare you thus
To deale? can neither loue
Of countrey cause you to relent,
Nor duetie make remoue
Your stubberne wylles, nor feare compell
you, madnes to forsake,
Nor yet remorse of conscience cause
You leaue to vndertake
Such yll attempt, nor lykelyhod
Of your deserued fall,
Prouoke you to be terrifide
Therin no whyt at all:
But that you wylfully withstande
The force of Princes powre,
And nought regarde the common wealth,
But seke for to deuoure
The gyltlesse blood, and to dispoyle
The mayntenaunce of trueth:
Oh carelesse men, what heart so harde
But this your lewdenes rueth:
Respect howe through your peruerse actes
For want of quiete stay,
What great misorder wyll aryse
Vnto the realmes decay.

As

As lykewiſe viewe what madnes ſeemes
Your traueils to poſſeſſe,
For to pretende, who ſubiectes be,
Your Princes to ſuppreſſe,
Or to correct, as though yt that
She erro' ſhoulde mayntayne,
It were your ductie with the rod
To worke your Princes payne.
As lykewiſe thynke howe you diſturbe
The cauſe of common wealth,
When as you ought imploy your payne
For to deuiſe the health
Therof, as alſo howe you ſeme
Your countrey for to hate,
With ſuch contention which diſdaynes
Your countreys quiet ſtate.
And further, way the great reproche
You reape to Engliſhe ſoyle,
And what an entraunce you haue made
For foes to worke our ſpoyle.
As alſo ponder what defame
Vnto your ſelues you breede
Through your abuſe, and to your ſtockes
What ſhame there wyll proceede.
And laſtly thynke vpon thaccompt
The which you ſhall reſtore

Perſwaſion by deſcription of the diſcommodities of rebellion.

For your offence to myghtie God,
And howe that styll the more
You do offende, the greater is
The reckenyng to be made:
These yf you way, no doubt the thought
Therof wyll soone diſſwade
Your ſtubberne heartes from ſuch abuſe,
As long through foggye myſtes
Haue bleärde your eyes, and nowe the cäuſe
Remaynes of your reſiſtes.
Which nowe I wiſhe you to reſpect,
Although somewhat to late
It is: and to auoyde your harmes,
And eanestly to hate
Your former actes: and with your heartes
Repentaunt, for to ſue
Of God for pardon, that as tyme
Hath made the yere a newe:
So lykewiſe may you be renewde
In ſprite, that you may thynke
Your laſt yeres actes so vnſauery, as
For ſtalentes they do ſtynke:
And so become retayned impes
To God, with pacience beare
Such iuſtice as by your deſertes
Your ſouereigne ſhall reſerre,

For

to the Rebelles.

For better tis to yeelde your lyues
Unto your Princes wyll,
Synce wickedly you haue deserude
Your deathes, in doyng yll:
Then for to dye in quarrell such
As enemie to good,
Woulde also purchase to your selues
The aunswere of much blood.
And sure I am that in our Queene
Remaynes such mercies store,
As vnto you, then you deserue
Imparted shalbe more.
This wrote your frende, a wyshyng frende
Unto his natyue soyle:
Who craues your frendships to befrende
Your selues, and feare your soyle.

Edmond Eluiden.

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